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## BROOKLYN EDITION OF THE EVENING WORLD--ONE CENT.

## LAST EDITION.

## DR. CHAS. F. DEEMS.

This Is the Name of the Winner  
of the Wife-Managing Contest."A. Joiner" Is the Pastor of the  
Church of the Strangers.Mrs. A. M. Palmer Read the Letters  
and Gave the Decision.Section has more interest been taken in  
any of the numerous contests conducted by  
THE EVENING WORLD than in the discussion,

DR. CHARLES F. DEEMS.

"How to Manage a Wife." It was a topic that appealed to fully as large a constituency as its predecessor, "How to Manage a Husband," and the hundreds of letters received were easily matched by the number of letters sent in the妻管严 contest on March 7 and its close on April 14, and many of them, when properly apportioned, were awarded a place in these columns. But all the letters received, whether printed or not, were submitted to Mrs. Laura A. Palmer, wife of A. M. Palmer, the well-known theatrical manager, who kindly consented to act as judge of the contest. Mrs. Palmer had a laborious task before her. She knew the names of none of the contestants, and her decision will unquestionably meet with universal approval.

Following is Mrs. Palmer's letter announcing the winner:

**Take notice:**  
I have carefully examined, after much delay rendered necessary by many duties, all the letters submitted to me. From them I select the one I consider the most reasonable solution of the question under discussion arrived at by any of the writers.

The author of this article properly regards marriage as a partnership in which a certain equality exists between the partners—an equality at least, if not exact. In such a partnership all questions of management adjust themselves without any strain of authority on either side.

In general, a woman is not equal to a man, but she can, under a wise husband, have a regard for those conditions. If she does, she will never arrive, as she never should arrive, such questions as managing a husband or managing a wife.

Trusting you will pardon my delay and regretting I am not able to satisfy THE EVENING WORLD better, I am most sincerely, LAURA A. PALMER.  
Stanford, June 6.

The letter enclosed by Mrs. Palmer was printed in THE EVENING WORLD on Friday, April 20, over the signature, "A. Joiner." Accompanying it was an envelope inscribed: "The name of the writer of the article signed 'A. Joiner' which inclosed card on which was written a modest, fine hand, characteristic of the writer."

CHARLES F. DEEMS,  
Pastor of the Church of the Strangers,  
4 Washington Place,  
New York.

And who should be better authority on married "management" or managing ability than "Joiner" of the contracting parties, especially when that "Joiner" is the Rev. Charles Frank Deems, D.D., LL.D., the happiness of whose home life is equalled only by his brilliant public career as a magnetic pulpit orator, profound scholar, acute thinker, prolific writer and practical humanitarian.

Dr. Deems' own experience as told briefly in his contribution to THE EVENING WORLD contest:

The Wife Is Superior.

"Manage?" What is that? Does it mean to manage? We manage a horse. We use our superior human intellect to control and guide his superior physical strength so as to obtain the best results. But a wife is not a horse. Where two persons are well married the wife is superior to her husband in many respects as he is superior to her in others. If happiness is to be the result of the union the first business of the husband is to manage himself so as to keep himself always the wife's respectful friend, always her true lover, always her equal partner, always her superior protection. This will necessarily stimulate the wife to be always an sounding friend, always an affectionate sweetheart, always a worthy housewife, always a good mother. And this will exalt the husband just as his love for his wife will grow in a remarkable way for the husband, with all his faults, to bear with all the infirmities of his "one and only" wife.

A. JOINER.

And yet this eminent divine, this profound scholar exhibited the simplicity of a child when an EVENING WORLD reporter notified him that he had won the gold double-eagle, the first for the best article on "How to Manage a Wife." The reporter met him in the lecture-room of the church of the

strangers, as he was about leaving a group of ladies of his congregation known as "Sisters of the Strangers."

"You don't tell me," he exclaimed in astonishment when the reporter made the announcement to him. "And are you authorized to notify me of my success?"

The reporter specially assured the deacon that he was delegated for that very purpose and Dr. Deems exclaimed delightedly:

"Come right here and tell these ladies."

But Dr. Deems didn't wait for the reporter to tell the ladies. He almost ran over to where the ladies were sitting and proudly said mysteriously said:

"Ladies, this gentleman is an EVENING WORLD reporter and he wants to interview me. Now what do you suppose a reporter should want to interview me about?"

The ladies appeared puzzled and some of them were actually startled. What had the good Doctor been doing? What did it all mean, anyway?

"Oh, it's all right," hastily put in Dr. Deems, perceiving their agitation. "He tells me I have won the prize—let's see, what is it? A twenty-dollar gold piece? Well, well, just think of that—in a literary contest!" and the deacon of divinity forgot all about his scientific dissertations on "The Present Outlook of Theology," "Evolution and Morality" and "Honesty" as thoughts of his success in THE EVENING WORLD's contest.

What was the topic Doctor?" chorused the ladies, expectantly.

Dr. Deems drew himself up proudly, looked his visitors straight in the eyes and with assumed sternness replied:

"How to Manage a Wife."

The ladies were instantly convulsed with merriment, as it dear, good Mrs. Deems needed any "managing."

"And I've never breathed a word about it to my wife, either," the clergyman added, chuckling half to himself. Then he led the way to his study in the rear of the church and again confronted the reporter:

"Now tell me truly; you're not joking me, are you?"

A scrutiny of his own production and Mrs. Palmer's letter satisfied him, apparently, for he drew a long breath.

"Well, well, isn't it peculiar? Why, I mean, I had forgotten all about it. You led the way to his study in the rear of the church and again confronted the reporter:

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